

xx
No M. 419. 30



GIVEN BY

Philip Hale.

A 

Little Spasm

At the home of

WOLFGANG MOZART.*



"On Suspicion"

*See explanation inside.

Little Spasms

at the Homes of GREAT ORGAN-GRINDERS.

By the PASTOR OF SOCK.

Fever-heat Series.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. ELBERT HUBBARD. | 7. DR. PHIL. |
| 2. CHAS. M. SHELDON. | 8. W. J. BRYAN. |
| 3. E. GREEN HUBBARD. | 9. PASTOR OF KNOCK |
| 4. ME & MOZART. | 10. P. O. VICKERY. |
| 5. FRA. ELBERTUS. | 11. MARCO MORROW. |
| 6. ALEX. DOWIE. | 12. JENNETTE GILDER. |

One booklet will be issued per month—if I have
time to throw it together and the pullman porters
learn to differentiate
between rubbish
and my
MS.

THE RAKEOFFERS,
Rising Sun, N. Y.

For Philip Hale,
hoping he has not
forgotten Easthampton.
In a friendly sort o' way,
Clifford Richmond

A LITTLE SPASM AT THE HOME OF
WOLFGANG MOZART.



Being a sketch printed from what is (supposedly)
the original manuscript of the Little Journey to
Mozart, as written by Elbert Hubbard—honest
Rakeoffer.



“THAT WHICH WAS LOST HAS BEEN FOUND.”

Copyrighted 1901
by
Clifford Richmond.

xx 11 - 1930
Brown Coll.

Philip Hale
June 20, 1916

RE-WOLFIE MOZART.



In every sort and kind of composition he was equally excellent. So is Elbert Hubbard.

Besides being a great composer, and poser, he was also a great performer. So, too, is Fra. Elbertus.

These two men were wonderfully and fearfully alike, being different. However, in the little matter of stereotyped smiles and glad-hand jokes, Hubbard had Mozart on the hip.

—Budley Duck.

THE LENGTH OF ART IS THE LONG GREENS

**Little Spasms
At The Homes
Of Great Organ-Grinders,**

Me And Mozart.

LIFE
WITH-
OUT
TERRA
COTTA
DOGS
IS
GUILT.

CATS
THAT
DO
NOT
HAVE
KITTENS
ARE
TOMS.

INDUSTRY WITHOUT SHAM IS NIT.



POOR-DEER
MILK-LIFE
OPTIMIST
LEAVEN
VANDER
MACHETE
SUGAR-TON
CHIPS
LOTUS
FLYLEAP
LARK
CHAP BOOK

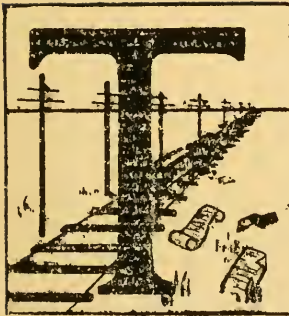
HOW TO BE HAPPY
WITHOUT BEING
SICILIAN
OTHER SEAFOODS

God Bless George

BOYCROTIE ALA
BOCCACCIO
TRISTEM-SHANDY
PSYCOPATHIA
SEXUALIS

Me
and
MOZART

FOREWARD.



HE early part of April 1901, Elbert Hubbard had the misfortune to lose the MS. of his *Little Journey to the Home of Mozart*,—at least he so states the case. He tells the story that he was journeying from Janesville, Wis., to Chicago, that he had with him the aforesaid MS., upon which he had worked for a month and which he expected to illumine

a little before giving it to the printer.

Shortly after the train pulled out from Beloit, so the story goes, Mr Hubbard went into the cafe car and, as he states, left the MS. lying in the seat. The porter believing this to be worthless stuff, threw it out of the car window.

Mr. Hubbard explains all this in "My Apology"—the foreword to the April *Little Journey*. We can fully appreciate what such a predicament would mean. Without books or memoranda to aid him in remodelling the sketch, Fra Facetious undertook to rewrite the *Little Journey* while making

a day trip from Chicago to East Aurora. Each chapter was headed by the name of some large station along the line and under each name was jotted anything that entered Fra Belswagger's mind, i. e., if it did not pertain to Mozart.

It is expected that a writer who has spent a month's odd minutes in studying the construction of a three thousand or so word character sketch concerning one with whom he felt as familiar as did Mr. Hubbard with Mozart, would retain enough of his original thought,—even though his memo's be destroyed,—to rebuild his essay in quite the same form as the original.

The idea of the play Sherlock Holmes was suggested to that sterling player, William Gillette, while acting in California. Two weeks later the MS. for the play was completed. The theatre and manuscript were destroyed by fire. When informed of the accident, Gillette quickly asked "Is this hotel likely to be burned?" Then buckling to his task he rewrote the play—it was fresh in his mind. He had created the drama, and it has been noted that mental creations do not usually slip the memory in the twinkling of an eye.

Thus it would seem that the hasty sketch which Fra Jokem was "forced" to make must have followed in a general way, the original conception of the Little Journey. Of course the editor of a publication that is issued "every little while" is under no compunction to send out anything that is not fully satisfactory to himself. Some might draw an inference here.

But—the Little Journey as issued by Mr. Hubbard is a very interesting and mathamatically entertaining Study—with a

large antique S. It is similar to the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet sitting in a proscenium box or a Francis Wilson Opera Company with Wilson playing the thrilling roll of a hard boiled egg.

As has been stated the original MS. was thrown out of a car window, while the train was running at a high rate of speed, and so far as Fra Attidunize knew, blown out of existence.

However, there was no such luck—it was not so to be. A maiden lady residing near Beloit, purports to have found the scattered sheets of the lost stuff and, by virtue of her love for Fra Throwtheguy, which prompts her to give the public the real thing, we are enabled to hand to an anxious flock the “original copy.” In reading this the public will notice—as in the instance cited of Gillette—that Mr. Hubbard’s memory has stood him well—enough.

We have promised that we would not divulge the Beloit lady’s name, but we assure all readers, and others, that in allowing us to place this MS. before the world she bears the Past Master of Bunco no ill-will, I said no ill-will.

The bulk of the Little Spasm reached here May 6th. A few more fragments, found after the first batch had been sent in, reached Easthampton August 25th. We doubt not but what there yet is a missing link in or about the woods near Beloit—but this is no reflection on the lady.

The Spasm was sent to us because, so the lady says, Beloit is soon to sink below the level of the sea and fearing some archologist of the future would dig it up and, mistaking it for the “forgotten word,” cram it down the necks of the unsophis-

ticated as the lost mysteries of antiquity, she decided to forego worry by doing the thing she feared someone else would do,—which is not an uncommon thing by any means. But all this talk is neither here nor there. The Little Spasm is put forward in the interests of mirth and those who take it over seriously, lack humor—the joke is on them.

Not-with-standing, if those who chance to see this little booklet, including Fra Limp-calf himself, who might be glad to be reminded of what he intended to say, will read the chapter headed Air, Ala., they will understand what a great many thinking people feel to be true of Elbert Hubbard and his writings.—The Fra's hot-air forestalls their opinion.

While nothing that is human is alien to any strong man, those who would lead and direct upward the thoughts of a hundred thousand and help them to see with Elizabeth Barrett Browning that the "blue of heaven is larger than the cloud," must be mindful that they can not dabble in pitch without getting smirched, and that they cannot expect those they would lead, to swallow and grow strong and wholesome on their special mix of treacle, if they have allowed some of the ingredients to be poisoned, and the mixer is not man enough to feed clean treacle or none at all. Treacle was once supposed to be a cure as well as a preventive for poisoning. The same might be said of the earlier writings of Fra Soapbubble.

Possibly Dr. Philistine is now laboring under the delusion that "a hundred thousand" people around about the world are suffering from a contamination which he expects to eradicate by the Homeopathic idea, but according to the Rev. Bill

Steer, "the Dr. is enjoying a picturesque hallucination."

In reading the Little Spasm one must keep in mind the fact that,—according to the Beloit lady,—they are absorbing Fra DeLuxe's own words. If the sentences sound a trifle on the confessional it only goes to prove that Fra Knockemall fell from his high and commendable intention of putting the public next. He concluded to fardels bear instead of ending all with a bare statement.

But words, words, words, tell nothing. The gist of this introduction is summed up in the philosophical utterance of Hans Mix "It is to laugh," it is to laugh. "So here's a hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

CLIFFORD RICHMOND.

Easthampton, Mass.

Sept. 2, 1901.

A SONG OF MYSELF
OR
ME AND MOZART.

ME AND
MOZART

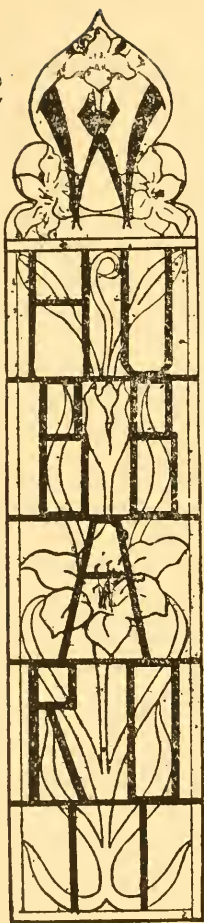
ALTO, S. D:—

A great many contraltos visit this place for the betterment of their voices. Alto is but a little way from Fargo, that other health resort, which married people visit, for one reason or another.

I once knew an alto. Her father had quantities of money, and unpar-
donably good health. I was truly
fond of the alto, but a fatherless me-
zo sailed across the vanishing
point of my horizon and
all bets were
off.



ME AND
MOZART



WIDOWS, ALA:—

There has been a sadness in my life—a calamity. I was young, say thirty-four. Love has its advantages, of course, and disadvantages, too. The law says, Thou shalt not put aside thy wife simply because you find another woman who more nearly represents your momentary ideal. I do not fancy this diction. If I had the making of the marriage laws things would not be thus.

Some rainy day I intend to draft out a new clause regarding love and the tie that binds.

Both marriage and war come under Gen. Sherman's definition of the latter, say I. Truly, I do not care a tinker's dam about G. D. H. (but I have a fondness for G. H. D.) However, Heron's little scheme for dropping Mrs. H. in favor of Miss R. rather pleased me.

Love
is
for
the
Love, bedad!

ECULIAR, MO.:—

I told a man I met on the train recently, that I was forty-three. "Who's who" states that I was born in 1850. An Erudite person, from Worcester, makes the date 1856. I, myself, have wobbly ideas on the subject. At the age of thirty-four I had made a clean fortune. Like Stevenson, I knew what joy was for I had done good work. I had brought sunlight and Chairfulness to thousands of homes.

As I intimated a little way back, when thirty-four, I was going to school and, like most college boys, incidentally making love. My oldest boy is twenty. I am told that figures do not lie, but I never did care for mathematics. I intend to live my life in my own way.

At Harvard college, (I once made a little journey to Memorial Hall,) I became well acquainted with Barrett Wendell.

Things were not exactly harmonious between us. There was a difference of opinion. Some one came



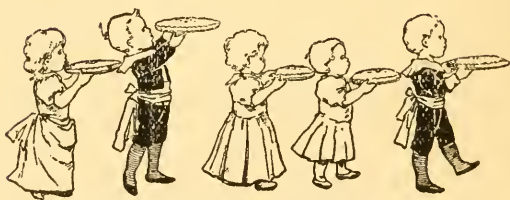
ME AND off second best,—it was not I.
MOZART Life is the expression of one's joy in doing every-
body for something.
By the way

Mozart

was

a

German.



THE PHILANDERYITES.

TACKVILLE, NEVADA:—



My
great grand-
father was a haystack,
but there is a divinity shapes
our ends, romance as they will.
Most certainly I could not do all the
things that Mozart did, but contrary-
wise is also true. Well, I guess so!
At the age of six I could cut a caper
and the mutton to it, and many times
I have caught a runaway clothes
horse without breaking the ten com-
mandments. With a little nubbin I
can catch more than a broken-down
brood-mare. I found that out early,
and I never forgot it. Had Mozart
been such a precocious child as I, he
would have learned the wisdom of a
certain remark of one, P. T. Barnum.

ME AND
MOZART



ODEST TOWN, VA:—

I like Zangwill—you might remember that. Mozart and I were as necessary to each other as was Alice serviceable to those placid children Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

It was Browning who wrote "Art may tell the truth obliquely." Rob had a certain amount of horse sense.

In believing what I say, people should follow the advice

Punch gave in regard
to getting married:

"Don't."

BET, MONT.—

The reason I make so many conflicting statements, is not so much to excite discussion and keep myself in the public eye, as that I am possessed of an innate desire to be original. Like Willie of Avon, I never repeat. By the way, I've just thought out a new joke. It is not sufficiently vulgar for the Phil., so 'twill serve to pad out this little journey.

Said Perkey to Heinz:—"Uneda shredded wheat biscuit." Said Heinz to Perkey:—"Uneda 57 varieties of guff to make your crullers sell. Advertise in the "Song of Myself." Let Elburtus write the literature—you'll get talked about all right.

Reference, Pierce McDonald.





AP, PA.:—

Say, I'm having a peck of fun. Like the tramp in Ben King's verse, "I'm travelling where I'm going to and came from where I started."

I often wish I had a Boswell to travel with me, I say and do so many clever things, and my memory in regard to myself, is bum. Now in the case of another—Mozart for instance—I can remember even the smallest detail of his career—but, what's the use?

The next station for us is Cakes, Pa. What's in a name?

Wouldn't

that

take

the

Bakery?

RAYVILLE, N. C.:—

A good time to laugh is when you come face to face with a mighty bundle of affectation. I laugh every time I confront a mirror—if anyone is looking.

I wonder that the imps of comedy do not make copy out of me. Good Heavens! I'm not wearing this long hair because I enjoy it!

I looked out the car window, here, and saw two sheep, two human beings and a poet—the latter was Bliss Carmen. When he spied me a look of recognition fluttered across his face, and he remarked, dreamily, "Sagwa." Hey Ho!





UBBARD, TEXAS:—

ivioses, Solomon and Abraham were three brothers whose last name was Hubbard. One of these three was my father or grandfather—I don't remember which, nor what. This may account, in a measure, for the variety of statements I make. When I get to heaven I will talk it over with Lawrence Sterne—he can understand.

I like to tell different stories on occasion. It is great fun and serves to keep up the interest.

The immortal query, "Who hit Billy Patterson?" will soon be forgotten, and in its place will be the question, "Who knows anything they can swear to about Fra. Elbertus?" I guess that will worry some.

It was Horace Greeley who said, "Go West, young man." It is I who say, "Go West and Get a town named after you." I am inclined to think My maxim the best.



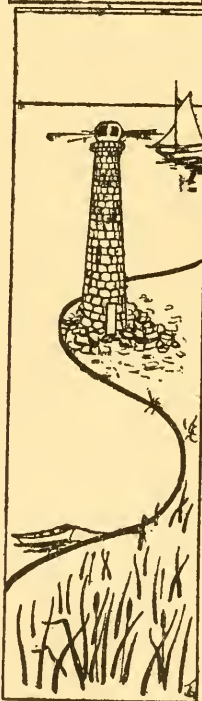
ELLVILLE, ARK.:—

ME AND
MOZART

They say that Bryan resembles me. True, we both edit papers. Bill's is *The Commoner*, and frequently mine is commoner than it ought to be. Strong men inspire strong men and each works those he can work best.

A "RED ONE" got on the train here. He talked so much about himself that I nearly had the ear-ache. He nodded his head toward me every time he spoke. He kept saying "I done this" and "I done that," until in desperation I blurted out, "Shake not thy gory locks at me, thou canst not say I did it."

ME AND
MOZART




RATIS, OHIO:—

George H. Daniels is to railroading what Mozart is to music. George is my García. I send over to him a lot

of tracts and he sends me over lots of tracks. And that's no involved parrot-box! Mozart and I, together, would have put "music and the dream" so high that Markham could not have placed an interro-

gation point to the right of it. With Wolfie for a friend life would have been easy. However, in default of Mozart, George will pass.

RUBTOWN, Pa.—



I
have
had lunch
and I feel much
better. As I remarked
before, I am having a de luxe
time. When I entered the railroad
philandery there was not a seat to be
had. The Professor seemed a little
confused to confront the man behind
the hand that wrote the "Message to
García," but he threw double sixes
when he said to me "You see, sir,
wherever you appear there is sure to
be a full house." If that man ever
sits in the front row where I am lec-
turing I will throw the guy into him
all through the horse-play. Let me
see, I have five dollars less than before
lunch. The next stunt is at Chew-
town, Pa.*

*Those that do not know how to take lunch,
better not.



EACHBLOW, COLO.:—

When I lectured here there was in the show case a tall, thin girl of, say, a doubtful forty-three. We eyed each other carefully and suspiciously, as you would eye the Policeman, at the Eden Musee. "Pish!" said she by a glance, "you can't play on my feelings.—I see through you." I recognized that she was on, so I carefully avoided her glance while I did my periods.—I was afraid she would make me laugh. Just as she stepped up to clasp hands with me after the ad., I smiled and bending forward in a most fetching way—I usually have an extra fifty for that special fetch—I whispered "I see you are a good Philistine, you wear the old style corsets." "How do you know?" she demanded. "O!" I answered, jocosely, "I too, can see through people. You did not fool me and I doubt if you could have bulldozed my friend Mozart. It was La Rockenfault who said "A penetrating wit hath an air of divination." Maybe so!—I feel a bit too dopy to paraphrase the thought.

ME AND
MOZART

POONVILLE, MICH.:—

Sometimes I am reminded of other days. Now if that Mezzo had not.— Well, as I was saying, on many counts I consider Mozart the greater man. I consider this the only way. Mozart and I would have been good friends, but I wouldn't have done a thing to him.

Genius needs a keeper—and often gits one, hired by the state. I have very little Cosmos in my Ego, but I will go so far as to say that I could have advertised Mozart in a way that would make people forget the

Douglass, Douglass three-fifty shoel
Mennen, Mennen—her old bazool
Beeman, Beeman, chew, chew, chew!
and
Pinkham, Pinkham, hallabalew!



ME AND
MOZART



GO, ALA.:—

“Had I met Shakespeare on the stairs I would have fainted dead away,” said William Makepeace Thackeray. Thackeray was a sea-food! Had I met Shakespeare, anywhere, I would have cottoned him out of his secret, written Donnelly to a stand still, bought out the New York Journal and called it the Philistine. Say, here’s one I want to add in somewhere.

I guess Ego will do. The great question in Boston is, “What do you know?” In New York it is “What are you worth?” In Philadelphia “What’s your ancestry?” In East Aurora, “W’at t’ell?” Isn’t that a lilac? I did that out of a story I just heard in the smoker.



IR, ALA.:—

ME AND
MOZART

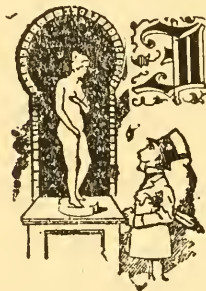
Cleanliness is next to Godliness. I think I will alter that adage one of these days. How would this go? Cleanliness in literature precedes Tin-Godliness, and then gets back at you if you handle filth.

A man that can keep his head among the clouds, while his feet are yet squarely on the earth, commands the admiration of the world. But let him stoop to dip his hands in the running sewage, for no good reason, simply because the inclination so to do is strong upon him (and lucrative,) then he loses that high regard of men and women of real worth which is ALL to the true writer.

"Something of the pitch you handle, on your fingers will remain," says John G. Saxe. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten the hand that dips in vulgarity for the sake of notoriety and the almighty stove-cover.

"My nature chooses my language for me," wrote Montaigne. Egad! the Frenchman was not so much a lobster as Thackeray or St. Paul or even my

ME AND friend Mozart. A plague on these pickled herrings!
MOZART My Kickapoos for some water, a towel and a cake of
"largely used commodity."



Like to dabble in the mud,
To mould it a la Roycrotie,
And just because I handle it
The mud gets onto me.

Fra. Philistine

NOTE:—

Those who do not know how to wash better not.

**ME AND
MOZART**

BEEVILLE, IND.:—

A number of Apiarists and one Ape boarded the train here. I am on my way to Big Bug, Arizona. Big Bug is a jay town, and if I do not break my hammer before I reach there, I will knock that place so hard they will think Me and Mozart are playing the Anvil Chorus.

Beeville is a very large place but the next stop for us is Bigger.



ME AND
MOZART



AST AURORA, N. Y.:—

Home again. Thank God!



NOTE:

Those that do not know
when to go home, better not.

So here endeth the Little Spasm at the Home of Wolfgang Mozart as printed from the MS. supposed to be the original superstructure for Elbert Hubbard's Little Journey to the Home of Mozart. The initials were executed for the publishers by Miss Jenny Gaylord and the cartoon by G. D. Liberty. The whole was done into a booklet by a man named Leitch, who wears "mutton chops" and some other things. October MDCCCCI.

A LETTER FROM JUNE.



Universalist Parsonage,
S—————e, Mass.,
Sept. 2nd, 1901

My Dear Friend Richmond,

White Dodo and Pierie McDonald, who are visiting at our home, join me in saying, "Hurrah for the valiant Beloit Lady!" By giving this "choice stuff" to the world she has proven herself a second Mr. Blotten. We, like the Pickwickians, would be in the dark regarding some things, had not the Beloit Lady chanced to find this lost treasure.

Just so far as Blotten's discovery opened the eyes of the Pickwickians—it really closed them—this Little Spasm will be

the means of showing to an enchanted and awe-struck feminine constituency, that you can't most always sometimes tell for certain.

It seems to me the MS. reads like the inscription on Pickwick's antique discovery

X
B I L S T
U M
P S H I
S M

A R K —it might mean most anything. It is barely possible, however, that there is in the Little Spasm a cipher which someone will find. You remember Blotten made the above letters read "Bill Stumps, his mark."

I am very grateful to you and the Beloit Lady for sending me the MS. to read. I identify it as the original. I know because, well, just because. And besides, it wouldn't interest you anyway.

Pierie is so kind to White Dodo and me. He takes our pictures every few hours and we have lots of fun getting the right expression. All his plates are filled, but we continue to let him pose us just the same. Isn't that a cute idea?

By the way, I have the daintiest new green frock trimmed with cerise. It is cut low a la Fra Elbertus and is just too sweet—but you are not interested, I am sure. You wouldn't know a bunch of pink and white protoplasm, say, thirty-two, with a Burne-Jones chin, from a Universalist Minister, and,

between you and I, the Fra wouldn't either.

The Dodo bird sends love vibrations.

Your sincere

JUNE.

P. S.

I notice some of the MS. was so badly soiled and torn that you will have to imagine what the Fra meant to say.

If you should find that any of these blurred places were intended to be Lawrence Sterne stories, I pray, should you deem their insertion absolutely necessary to complete the Fra's thoughts, that, in so doing, you do not out Hubbard Hubbard.

Good-by,

JUNE.

P. S. S.

Speaking of Soap: I do not see any valid reason why carping critics should lambast Fra Elbertus because he was once a soap manufacturer. Nor can I understand why the Fra, who is so exasperatingly outspoken where decency bespeaks reserve, should be so reserved when concealment seems cowardice. What's in a name? Soap nicknamed a "largely used commodity" will still wash clothes. But why avoid Soap? It is the cleanest thing the Fra has handled in many moons.

Because I now own a Raphael Madonna must I forget that I once collected picture cards?

Say! you—you—you look here! You're dragging me into a discussion—I'll have none of it.

JUNE.

Freak De Luxe Books.



STRICTLY LIMITED EDITION.



7 copies of the Little Spasm printed on Jimdandy Wall Paper—three or more colors in each book. Cover limp Kaiki; lettering worked in silk; covers lined with cerise.
5 copies for sale at \$4.99 each

7 copies as above, printed on three or more shades of Jimdandy Wall Paper, cover limp bed-ticking; lettering worked in silk; cover lined with old shingle filched from my neighbor's barn.
5 copies for sale at \$4.99 each

7 copies as above, bound in antique boards covered with talkative Wall Paper, lined with blotting paper from the Beloit Lady's desk.
5 copies for sale at \$4.99 each

7 copies the same, cover green plush lined with oilcloth,
5 copies for sale at \$4.99 each

Freak De Luxe Books.



STRICTLY LIMITED EDITION.



7 copies on Butcher's paper, covers of Brown Corduroy lined with green silk. Each book contains two or three sheets of the "original manuscript" and pen and ink autograph of the picture copy, "Me and Mozart."

5 copies for sale at \$7.49 each

Those desiring to purchase these books must send money with order, or their claim will not be good. Nothing sent "on suspicion." Those ordering please name second choice in case the books of their first choice are out of stock.

N. B.

Each one of the above books—and this is absolutely all we shall issue in De Luxe form, will be numbered and sworn to by the publisher in the presence of one Charlie Johnson—honest Notary Public, Bank Treasurer, Choir Pitchpipe, Sunday School Teacher, and all round good fellow—though partially adorned by auburn hair.

57 Varieties.

For the special benefit of those generous souls who prefer to pay one hundred cents for a booklet which they ought to secure for twenty-five cents, we have gotten up a special edition of 57 copies of the Little Spasm.

This edition is just like the twenty-five cent booklet save that the cover of each copy is of a different color wall paper. Also lined with wall paper.

57 Varieties---D. N. F.

No two alike. Each copy numbered by the publisher in the presence of and witnessed by Jenny the artist, "Ab," the Black One, and Leitch—the man with the "mutton chops."

THE LITTLE SPASM

SENT BY MAIL

25 cents each, postpaid.

We will be pleased to have money sent by postal order (it costs only 3c to send 25c). To those who send money in this way we will send an extra copy or two of the cartoon, "Me and Mozart."

Autographed Pen and Ink copies of Liberty's cartoon,
"ME AND MOZART," \$1.00 EACH,
POSTPAID.

Single copies of the cartoon, as printed by "Mutton Chops"
25 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.

Address,

CLIFFORD RICHMOND,
Easthampton, Mass.

The only good satire
is one which points
out the ridicule of
bad original. ❁ ❁ ❁



O BE JOYFUL.













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